

Anne's Lunatic

By EILEEN OWENS

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Had anyone been present at a certain cozy little white cottage one evening in early June, they would have seen Anne Whitney going from room to room, barring all the windows and fastening all the doors. One might wonder why Anne was so very cautiously sealing up her abode; one might even suspect Anne of being afraid, but that was not the case. Anne Whitney was absolutely and unconditionally alone, for her housekeeper, the good Mrs. Mather, had been called away suddenly by the death of her brother and Anne's cottage was nearly five miles from the village proper. This was sufficiently disturbing, but add to this the fact that she had seen that very afternoon a notice stating that a certain inmate of a nearby insane asylum had escaped—a very dangerous inmate for whose return five hundred dollars was offered, and Anne would no longer see a timid person, but instead a firm advocate of preparedness.

This was the second summer that Anne had come to Oakdale, the tiny village tucked away in the hills, away from the bustling, bustling city, where she drew clever illustrations for a certain popular magazine.

Anne could not help feeling a trifle wary, but she went to bed early and soon fell asleep.

Some time later—it must have been near three o'clock—she was awakened by a loud shout. She sat up in bed. A moment's silence and then a confused shouting and scuffling, then a thud as of a body falling and once more—silence.

Memories of acts of insane people rushed through her mind in quick succession and she trembled violently. Finally summoning together all her courage she slipped from the bed and looked out the window. To her utter relief she saw nothing at all alarming.

"Could it have been a dream?" Anne questioned herself. Then, as once more she crept into bed, she concluded that it had been a nightmare, evidently brought on by her distressing thoughts of lunatics, whereupon she promptly fell asleep and did not waken until the bright morning sunshine was streaming in on her face.

She rose quickly and, still fearful of the lunatic's proximity, she decided to spend the day on the lake. So hastily packing a lunch and taking a new book, she went down to the boathouse. Humming a little tune, she opened the door, and then her heart skipped a beat or two, for there, lying full length on the floor, was a man who seemed to be asleep.

The lunatic! And a dangerous one at that!

He wore the conventional garb of an inmate of the asylum, but even in her fright Anne noticed that he still wore silk socks and good looking shoes. She couldn't see his face very well, for the shadows were striking it and left it in semi-darkness. By this time Anne was trembling all over. What should she do?

Just then she spied the old rifle hanging on the wall and, without knowing why, she reached over and picked it up.

But her act awakened the sleeping man and Anne felt her heart skip a little until it seemed to settle down in her breast. For the man, with a dazed look in his eyes, sprang up and was about to rush out when he was halted by Anne's rather tremulous call "Hands up!"

Anne, who had never seen a lunatic before, much less captured one, did not know whether he would comprehend the term, but apparently he did, for slowly withdrawing a step or two, he raised his hands.

The lunatic was tall and well proportioned. He had light, wavy hair which was now sadly disarranged, his eyes were deep blue, and as they regarded Anne's frightened face behind the ugly rifle, they lighted up appreciatively.

added: "Wouldn't you like something to eat?"

Happily she had struck a weak spot and he gladly accepted the lunch basket. He divided everything, giving her the lion's share, which she did not dare refuse. But if she thought to divert his mind from the events of last evening, she was mistaken, for he began again: "Last night I was on my way to Oakdale, where I intend to perhaps stay a few days. I should like to spend my vacation in the paralytic fashion like great fish, to five miles from town. Of course, there was no one around, so I started to hike. Just as I reached this place I saw a man trying to get in by a window. I tried to be a hero and the next thing I knew I found myself in these tuds and with you pointing a gun at me. I wish you'd explain matters a bit."

Anne looked at him. Was he telling the truth? He certainly looked and acted as though he was, but somewhere she had heard of the "diabolical craftiness of the insane mind," and she didn't believe him.

Still trying to humor him, she said: "I'm very much obliged to you, sir, and perhaps in a little while you can go."

"Don't you believe me?" he cried, exasperated.

"Oh, of course," said Anne, "but wouldn't you like to stay with me a little longer?"

"Er, why certainly. I'd be delighted, but I do wish you'd put that hostily gun down. It makes me feel rather uncomfortable to be staring into the muzzle of a rifle all the time."

Anne, who was really tired of holding the heavy weapon, let it drop to her side, but still kept her hand on it.

A silence then fell, and Anne still keeping one eye on the road and the other on her prisoner, thought over what he had said. Evidently she had not been dreaming, for he had been in the fight, but who and where was the other man? He had said he intended to spend his vacation at Oakdale, and Anne found herself thinking how nice it would be if some one like him, in his right mind, of course, should come to the tiny village.

They would meet, they would form a mutual fondness, they would tramp the woods, they would row on the lake and they would—

"Say—Anne came back to the present with a thud. "How long are you going to keep a fellow in this coop?" Anne didn't know what to say. She was somewhat provoked herself, for it was now long past noon and it was hot and, moreover, she was very thirsty.

She felt and looked as if she wanted to cry and the lunatic said apologetically: "I hope you'll forgive my rudeness but I'm telling the truth, honestly and—"

But Anne did not hear him, for she had just spied the old mail carrier riding by and in another moment Anne was pouring out her tale. "Oh, Mr. Johnson, I've got the lunatic here, and the gun is so heavy and—"

"Lunatic!" thundered the prisoner. "So that's what you think I am?" "Lunatic!" ejaculated the old man. "Why, that's Jim Burroughs, who's bought the old Pendergast place down in the village. The lunatic was caught this morning, plumb tuckered-out and in some clothes he'd evidently borrowed."

Anne stared, then she flushed to the roots of her hair. "Oh please try to forgive me. I didn't know and I tried to believe you weren't the lunatic, honestly I did, but—"

"Don't worry," replied the erstwhile lunatic. "I really didn't mind being prisoner, under the circumstances." Thus comforted, Anne questioned: "Wouldn't you like to come out some day and get acquainted with me, miss the gun?"

Jim Burroughs thought that he would, but at present he thought it advisable to shed the garments so kindly (?) left him by his assailant, and so with a gay smile and a promise to come again he drove off with the mail carrier.

The next day he made good his promise, and soon after Anne's dream was fulfilled, for they met, they formed a mutual fondness, they romped the woods, they rowed on the lake, and all good stories should end—they married and lived happily ever after.

Air Cure for Alrmen.

The pearl divers of Ceylon are freed from violent attacks of paralysis, but the disease does not interfere with their work. Their work, in fact, cures them. On a Cingalese fishing boat, his mind from the events of last evening, she was mistaken, for he began again: "Last night I was on my way to Oakdale, where I intend to perhaps stay a few days. I should like to spend my vacation in the paralytic fashion like great fish, to five miles from town. Of course, there was no one around, so I started to hike. Just as I reached this place I saw a man trying to get in by a window. I tried to be a hero and the next thing I knew I found myself in these tuds and with you pointing a gun at me. I wish you'd explain matters a bit."

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Garment Badge of Idleness

Real Significance of Joseph's "Coat of Many Colors" May Not Be Generally Understood.

Do you know the real reason why Joseph's brethren hated him and sold him to a band of Ishmaelites and into slavery, and after first deciding to slay him?

You remember the story in Genesis— which by the way, is the most interesting book in the Bible that Joseph's father gave him a "coat of many colors."

The father did not give the other brothers coats of many colors for, as stated in the story, he loved him more than the others.

Now here is the real reason Joseph was hated: "A coat of many colors" of that time, in the land of Canaan and adjoining civilizations, was a badge of idleness.

The sleeves of a coat of many colors came down almost to the finger tips to indicate that the wearer did no manual labor.

As late as the French revolution in Europe, and even in our Colonial time here in America, certain gentlemen wore lace on their coat sleeves that covered their hands, thereby indicating that so far as they were concerned there was "nothing doing" in the way of actual work.—Cottrell's Magazine.

Famous Old Middle Temple

Historic London Edifice Contains Actual Stage on Which Shakespeare Acted Before Queen Elizabeth.

The hall of the Middle temple, London, contains a table made from a tree presented by Queen Elizabeth.

The top is 30 feet long and 3 inches thick and forms "the high table" for the Benchers of the Inn. The date on which it stands is at the western end of the hall, and on the actual floor boards of this platform Shakespeare performed "Twelfth Night" for the entertainment of "the Virgin Queen," who opened the hall in 1572.

The eastern end of the hall is occupied by a magnificent carved screen finished in 1571 the upper part of which forms the Minstrel's gallery.

The walls of the hall are paneled to a great height, and both the panels and windows above are richly embellished with the coats of arms, dating from the sixteenth century, of legal luminaries—members of the Inn. Among them may be observed the arms of Sir Walter Raleigh, Pepys and of the present lord chancellor and the present lord chief justice of England. Portraits by Vandyk, Lely, Kneller and Murray, together with suits of well-preserved armor, greatly add to the moral adornment of this historic edifice.

Interested in Strangers.

Many of the native customs mentioned by "Merrill" as Samoan or Melanesian seem to be observed also over the western Pacific, the Sydney (Australia) Bulletin says. The extreme deference to the chiefs was practiced by the Maoris and Fijians particularly. In Papua the Trobriand natives are the only tribe with any regard for the claims of high descent. They never stand in a chief's presence much less walk past him. The custom of placing a stone in a leaf on a path as a "no thoroughfare" sign is common in Papua.

A favorite trick there is to knot a vine or long grass across the tracks as a warning to go back. The north-eastern Papuan welcomes a visitor by feeding over and pinching the caller's arms and trunk, remarking at the same time what splendid condition he is in. Coming from a people who have been and are, when they get a chance unflinching cannibals, this is rather disconcerting however complimentary.

Creatures of Habit.

The Olean (N. Y.) Times headlines it this way: "Twins Born Soviet Times in One Street." The news item with amazement and tempts us to philosophize. Amusement, because twins should like being born so well that they repeat the act seven times to philosophize on the force of habit which makes them continually choose the same street as the scene of their natal encounters. It seems to us that if we were twins with an incurable birth habit, we should desire a bit of variety. Having been born once in Olean we should yearn for some different place for our next debut. We should try to be born in China, in France, in Salamanca, in Cattaraugus, in Indiana at Aurora Pond.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Old Glory Means.

When you hang out the colors spare a minute to think of it—the of places it has been, of the things it means. It has given new hope to the proud and to the poor everywhere in this world. It is the symbol and the achievement of the two noblest human attributes—strength and compassion. It springs from the enduring good that is in the heart of humanity and stands for the liberation of all men. And it can never fail, it can never be humbled, because that motive lies deep in every human consciousness, as permanent, as sure, as inevitable as tears or laughter or hope or faith in God.—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.

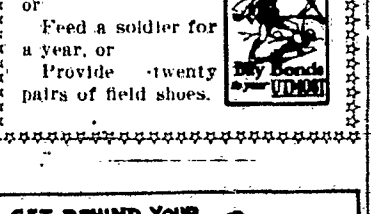
On a Raft.

Hazel—You know, Tommy, if we marry you can't give me the best in the land. Tommy—Then we'll go to sea.

Where Liberty Bond Funds Go

ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BOND AND ONE FIFTY DOLLAR BOND WILL BUY: Ten .45 caliber automatic pistols, or Ten .45 caliber revolvers and 100 cartridges, or T. N. T. for twenty 155-mm. (6.2 inches) howitzer shells, or

Equip and equip a soldier for overseas service, or Provide two soldiers with complete fighting equipment, or Feed a soldier for a year, or Provide twenty pairs of field shoes.



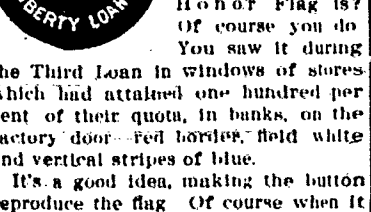
GET BEHIND YOUR UNCLE SAM.



R. HARDENBERG

FOURTH LOAN BUTTON.

Have you seen the button for the Fourth Liberty Loan? No? Then we'll let you in on a secret. It is the Liberty Loan honor flag reproduced in miniature against a background of blue.



But you don't know what the Honor Flag is? Of course you do. You saw it during the Third Loan in windows of stores which had attained one hundred percent of their quota, in banks, on the factory door, red border, gold white and vertical stripes of blue.

It's a good idea, making the button reproduce the flag. Of course when it is run up the mast the flag with the red border and the star on a field of white will overlap it. But both are service flags, and it will fly, and properly, just beneath the service flag. LIBERTY BONDS spell SERVICE.

THIS MAN KNOCKED THE STUFFING OUT OF TURKEY



© International Film Service.

General Sir Edmund H. Allenby, K. C. B., Commander of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force and one of Great Britain's ablest men, is the man who rescued a tremendous amount of territory from the control of the pitiless Turk and restored it to Christianity. Great Britain feared that the Turkish army would be able to cause a serious break between the army of the east and the western section of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. General Allenby's overwhelming victory has definitely eliminated any such possibility. You can speed him to further victories by buying Liberty Bonds.

AROUND THE CLOCK.

It is time for action, not words. Buy Liberty Bonds now and boast of your patriotism later. Don't brag about what a good citizen you are. Talk is cheap. Invest in Liberty Bonds and prove it.

Wasted Potash.

Every year a vast quantity of potash, equivalent to 200,000 tons of high-grade German potash, is lost through the flues of the factories making cement. Ninety per cent of this potash may be recovered and at a low cost, according to the United States department of agriculture.

May Like It.

"What do you think of the army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp. "I may like it after a while, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals." Was the reply—French and Camp.

How Lightships Are Used.

Lightships are placed in locations off the coast where it would be impracticable or needlessly expensive to build a lighthouse, and they usually mark the approach to a port or bay or the outer limit of an off-lying danger. They are also sometimes used in inside waters. They may be moored in the channel or close to it, and they have the advantage over most lighthouses, that a vessel may steer directly for them without danger so long as collision with the light vessel is avoided, and also that they may be moved and moored in another position when change of conditions or necessity requires. On the other hand a light vessel is more expensive to maintain and there is the possibility of its being driven from its station, though this is reduced in recent years by improved vessels and moorings.

Character in Eyebrow.

It now is conceded that the Greek eyebrow is quite in accord with the conception of mere physical beauty in women. Like the rosebud mouth, it does not indicate the highest order of intelligence, and the arch is expressive always of greater sensibility and greater sense of character. Scant growth of eyebrows invariably denotes lack of vitality; on the contrary, heavy thick eyebrows indicate a strong constitution and great physical endurance. They are not beautiful on a woman's face, however much they may signify either mental or bodily vigor, and when they are not only heavy, but droop and meet at the nose, they are said to accompany an insincere and prying nature.

Study Efficiency.

Mental efficiency implies well-trained, well-exercised, well-balanced, well-coordinated brains, fed in proper quantity with rich red blood and subordinated to a calm and cheerful soul and spirit. The mentally efficient man can handle ordinary brain problems at a reasonable rate, without effort, during ordinary working periods; and in an emergency draw on his reserve mental forces so as to prolong and intensify his mental activity, without endangering his sanity or equanimity. As a rule, mental efficiency calls for a healthy body. "A sound mind in a sound body" is a valuable possession well worth striving for. The study of efficiency will help attain, keep and enjoy both factors.

Waterproof Telephone.

A prominent electrical manufacturing company has developed an iron-clad and waterproof telephone for service in mines or in other places where the working parts of a telephone instrument must be protected against unusual operating conditions. All parts of the instrument are enclosed in a cast-iron box. This box is provided with double doors, which give either partial or complete access to the interior apparatus, as desired. One of the features of this instrument pointed out is the spring lock on the outer door, which is arranged so that it can be opened with the use of but one hand by means of a push-button latch.

Birds in Flight.

Observations made from airplanes have increased our knowledge of the flight of birds. There is an evident preference of swallows for a height of 2,000 feet, but other birds go higher, and last March plovers were met at 8,500 feet, the greatest altitude at which birds have been seen in groups. Wild ducks make their migrations at about 5,000 feet. They follow the twists and turns of their leader with extraordinary agility, and the whole flock has the appearance of maneuvering automatically. They climb at sixty-five miles an hour, then travel at seventy miles.

Led Astray.

"There goes a man who can quote the Declaration of Independence verbatim." "Fine!" I hope he puts his knowledge to better use than a fellow I used to know. "What did he do?" "He practiced imitating the signatures to the Declaration of Independence until he got so proficient at that sort of thing that he began to imitate the signatures of men who were still alive and had large sums of money deposited in banks."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Small Appetite.

Edith—"I understand Betty eats no more than a bird?" Jack—"That's all—at any rate, she couldn't manage more than one three-pound chicken the evening I took her to dine."

The Molten State.

"This book says the entire earth was once a molten mass." "When?" "I don't know the year. But I'll bet it happened in the month of August."

Natural Ability.

"I see where they are going to train women for government X-ray photography." "That's right; women naturally see through things."

Its Status.

"I hear you have a new baby at your house, Willie." "They say I'll be new, but it's all so crazed up I believe it's second-hand."

Sad Tidings.

"Can the doctors give the relatives of that rich old man no hope?" "None whatever. They say he is likely to live for years."